



VOL. XXXIV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1866.

NO. 28.

## The Maine Farmer.

T. T. TRUE, E. L. BOARDMAN, Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

### A Special Course of Husbandry.

It is a master which has long engaged our thoughts; whether farmers would not as a general thing succeed better by confining their time and energies to the culture of one or two leading crops, or the rearing of one or two kinds of farm stock, as a special business, than by pursuing what is generally termed a mixed course of husbandry. There is this advantage to the plan, viz.: That a person would be likely to obtain all the information upon the branch in which he was interested, and by being practically engaged in the culture of a certain crop, or the rearing of a certain kind of stock, would bring to his business more information, which with his own careful experience would enable him to succeed better if he was obliged to occupy his mind and thoughts with several different subjects, at nearly the same time. Instances of success in following this method are not wanting. We are acquainted with farmers, who by paying careful attention to bee-keeping, fruit-raising, poultry keeping, the growing of cranberries, and other special crops, have succeeded in each and all of these departments of husbandry far better than those who have divided their attention between them. It is true, a course of mixed husbandry is safe, for if one crop does not succeed one year, another will, so there is not a total loss; but all seasons are not ill to all crops, and we are sure more money can be made by the system of special than by mixed farming, be it in crops or stock.

The Massachusetts Ploughman, in a recent issue, has an excellent article upon this subject from which we copy the following as specially worthy of attention:

"It appears to us that instead of cultivating a little of everything, it would be better to rely upon some special crop from which the returns of the farm in money are to be expected, and upon which the market are to be found, in order to save labor and above the patch of potatoes and corn and roots that are to be consumed on the farm. We know that the Connecticut river farmer, proverbially prosperous and thrifty, has realized large returns to labor. Others have been equally successful with broom-corn, others with fruit, others with cranberries, &c.

Let a man fix upon some one or two crops, or some one or two branches of farming, like cattle breeding or sheep husbandry, and let his entire time be given to it, and he will have a fair return to his labor and success.

He undertake a little of everything, and his time is divided, his interest is really and strongly fixed on no one thing in particular, and things go on in a sort of routine till it comes to the end of the year, and then he is off to market, and his goods have not much to sell. The little he gets raises will not entirely cost him much, but his account, if he could make up for it, may not show a very encouraging year's work."

It is not an easy master, to be sure, to strike off into a new path. Most of us get into the ruts of custom and habit, and it is extremely difficult to make a change. But there is a great interest in the success of our country! Could we not better bend our energies to some one branch of our business, not to the exclusion of all others, but to make it more prominent, to make it the specialty of our operations?

Some who make money on pottery, and others who do not, are not to be blamed for not being interested in our interest! Could we not better bend our energies to some one branch of our business, not to the exclusion of all others, but to make it more prominent, to make it the specialty of our operations?

Now one can attain to eminent success unless his thoughts are concentrated upon something. He must do something better than other people, must command success by concentration of effort, and if he can do some special, and follow it up with success, he will be successful. His success is almost certain.

Another good use to put old hooch skirts to, besides those mentioned in the FARMER two weeks since, by L. T. Allen, is to make a frame for cellar windows, doors, and in fact anywhere where you do want ventilation, to keep out the rain, etc. And it is a good idea.

It is an improvement, and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

The air is filled with the sounds of innumerable wings, the earth at its feet is literally alive with animate bodies, and every tree, plant, twig, leaf and blade of grass is the home and habitation of one or more of these insects. And the larva of the worm-like forms of sizes, forms and colors—the horribly floating grubs through the earth, where it is to be seen.

It is an impudent insect and operates some as the American borer. Several varieties of aphides or lace are also found on the bark and leaves, particularly of the currant. For many of these particulars I am indebted to the Practical Entomologist.

**GENERAL CHAMBERS.**

At this season the year last life is in full operation, laboring actively and constantly towards the grand result—preservation and perpetuation, in common with all species of animal creation. An hour in the field or garden, any warm sunny day in June, will give one some idea of the rapidity of this life, and the earth where it is to be seen.

Augusta, Thursday, June 21, 1866.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

\$2.00 in advance, or \$2.50 not paid within three months of the date of subscription.

*"These terms will be rapidly adhered to in all cases."*

All payments made by subscribers to the Farmer will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted him.

EP A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent; otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

NOTICES.

Mr. JAMES BREWAN is now on a collecting and canvassing tour in Waldo County.

Mr. V. DAVIS will visit subscribers in York County during the month of June.

Editorial Correspondence.—No. 1.

URBINO LAKE, June 8th, 1866.

DEAR FARMER.—Desirous of noting the progress of events in Northern Maine, we took a trip to this paradise of spontaneity and lumbermen. Starting from the Chapman House in Bethel, whose proprietor, Capt. S. Chapman, has fitted up his house in good shape for the comfort of his visitors, and what he likes better, is well patronized, we crossed the Androscoggin on its primitive bridge—a ferry boat propelled by a rope and the rapid current of the river—when we rode down that stream along some fine intervals of land, and its efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this business, are generally appreciated by our citizens.

So far as the reputation of "Gen. Knox" is concerned, it is only necessary for us to state that his services are this year being secured by the most distinguished breeders throughout our own State, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Upper Canada, some parts of the South, and by the agent for the purchase of horses in this country for the French Government, who, after making an examination of the principal horse-breeding establishments in the country, has decided upon Mr. Lang's and the services of "Gen. Knox." Some of the leading stock in the country is now to be seen at Mr. Lang's stable, among them the mother of the celebrated "Jackson colt," raised in this State and sold at the Horse Fair in this city in 1855, for the sum of \$2,100, a mare by "Brown Dick," from New Orleans, and by the old running horse "Lexington," from New Orleans, and the "Lafayette mare," also from New Orleans. They are placed there to secure the service of "Knox," and the union of the celebrated thoroughbred racing stock of the South, with the fine qualities of "Knox," will be eagerly watched by all interested in improving our breeds of horses.

MR. LANG.—Desirous of noting the progress of events in Northern Maine, we took a trip to this paradise of spontaneity and lumbermen. Starting from the Chapman House in Bethel, whose proprietor, Capt. S. Chapman, has fitted up his house in good shape for the comfort of his visitors, and what he likes better, is well patronized, we crossed the Androscoggin on its primitive bridge—a ferry boat propelled by a rope and the rapid current of the river—when we rode down that stream along some fine intervals of land, and its efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this business, are generally appreciated by our citizens.

So far as the reputation of "Gen. Knox" is concerned, it is only necessary for us to state that his services are this year being secured by the most distinguished breeders throughout our own State, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Upper Canada, some parts of the South, and by the agent for the purchase of horses in this country for the French Government, who, after making an examination of the principal horse-breeding establishments in the country, has decided upon Mr. Lang's and the services of "Gen. Knox." Some of the leading stock in the country is now to be seen at Mr. Lang's stable, among them the mother of the celebrated "Jackson colt," raised in this State and sold at the Horse Fair in this city in 1855, for the sum of \$2,100, a mare by "Brown Dick," from New Orleans, and by the old running horse "Lexington," from New Orleans, and the "Lafayette mare," also from New Orleans. They are placed there to secure the service of "Knox," and the union of the celebrated thoroughbred racing stock of the South, with the fine qualities of "Knox," will be eagerly watched by all interested in improving our breeds of horses.

MR. LANG.—As is evinced by the able and valuable article on "Rowlers and Trotters," published in the last report of the Department of Agriculture, it has made the principles of breeding a study, and is perhaps better informed in the master than any gentleman among us. At his establishment a record is kept of all animals brought to "Knox" for service, including if possible, a pedigree of his sire and dam, with an account of her structure, color, marks, weight, condition, how many times previously bred, and description or name of horses bred to, with other matters of interest to breeders. This record, continued through a series of years, and embracing notes regarding the progeny of each, will form important data from which most valuable conclusions can, with some degree of accuracy, be arrived at. Among other things this record will without doubt, give additional evidence to the already well established fact that to breed from stallions presenting to the eye a symmetrical form and fine size does not insure the offspring to possess fine size and symmetry, only in proportion as the progenitors, both sire and dam, for several generations may have possessed these desirable qualities. To breed with the intelligence and care which Mr. Lang has constantly shown, is a really noble effort. He fully appreciates a horse of remarkable character, and has the patience to wait for the results, thinking less for present advantage than for the future good of the State. This should be the aim of all engaged in the work of improvement of domestic animals in the State. There is ample room for many to engage in it without fear of competition, and an example of Mr. Lang will long be remembered as a public good.

The stables belonging to Mr. Lang—which are under the immediate superintendence of Albert Goodspeed, a gentleman well qualified for his duties—are well arranged, perfectly lighted, and kept in the best manner.

In this connection we must not forget to mention that Mr. Lang is engaged somewhat in breeding Dutch cattle, having purchased of Mr. Cheney a herd of black bull and heifer, the former of which, now three years old, we had the good fortune to see. He is a large animal, of fine proportions, and his services are held in high esteem by the farmers in that section. We believe the stock well adapted for the climate and summer tourist. As we rode along the driver pointed out to us Moose cave, where a moose was driven in and devoured a highly romantic spot.

As we emerged from the other side of the mountains, we arrived at the dividing line between the sources of Bear and Cambridge river, the latter running into Umbagog Lake. There is a curious optical illusion which is noticed by most tourists. The road for eight miles runs along the stream, but is actually ascending the whole distance, while the stream is running in the same direction, giving it the appearance of running up hill. In some places the illusion is very striking.

From the very sources of Cambridge river the land is very fertile, free from stone, and susceptible of a high state of cultivation. A few years more will make a striking improvement in the farming interests on this river. Corn cannot be raised here, but hay, oats, barley, buckwheat, and excellent potatos can be raised in great abundance. They will find a ready market at the Lake or down the road.

Within a mile and a half we are at the highest point of land, and catch our first glimpse of Umbagog Lake in patches among the woods, in the far distance. We now descend the hill, down, down, down, till we fairly concluded we should soon reach the bottom of the lake, after having passed through the nineteenth shower during the day, we reached the Lake House kept by mine host S. F. Frost, Esq., where we find a cheerful, open fire, good food, and good lodgings, and sweet sleep. There is a much greater contrast in the climate of the Lake and of the Androscoggin than we had supposed. Though it was the 8th of June, the elm trees were just leaving out. As we passed through the gorges of Speckled Mountain, by which the way has a powerful influence on the surrounding country, we feel a strong breeze blowing through it as if through a tunnel, while even and anon the showers gather around the summit of the mountain, which is destitute of trees. Our driver pointed out to us a small hole which occurred within a year, bearing down trees and rocks from a height of a thousand feet or more, cutting a path through the rocks below to the edge of the road. Probably there is no spot in Maine where the wind blows with such force as through this gully. A story was told us of a man who had a stock of boards chained to his cart when a gust of wind lifted up the ends and snapped them off when they were chained. And they relate a fact that a board was blown from the roof of a barn to a neighbor's house and forced its way through the walls, much to the consternation of his family.

The view of the mountain from the road is grand. Its whole sides covered with dense forests and boulders of bold projections of rocks, while the patches of black spruce contrasting with the lighter green of the hard wood tree intermixed, render it capable of exciting emotions of beauty and sublimity at the same time. In our next we will give an account of an excursion up the Lake.

POSTS ON THE FARMER. Complaints often come to us from subscribers that they are obliged to pay more for postage on the paper than is demanded by the law. This is wrong and there must be a fault somewhere. A subscriber in Oxford County recently wrote to us saying he had paid twenty cents postage per quarter on the Farmer during the past year, making eighty cents per year. No postmaster is authorized to collect more than twenty cents per year or five cents per quarter, and if such demand more, they should be reported at headquarters.

ON WEDNESDAY of last week, a bright circle completely surrounding the sun, was observable from 104° o'clock A. M. until noon. It was bright about eleven o'clock, and presented all the colors of the rainbow.

THE death of Gen. Lewis Cass, an eminent public man of a past generation, took place in Detroit, Michigan, on Sunday last, at the age of 85 years.

# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A Visit to North Vassalboro'.

No one who visits the thriving and pleasant village of North Vassalboro', situated between this city and Waterville on the east side of the river and has a few hours to look about, as we do the Farmer, will find that one day last week, can fail to be interested in the horse-breeding establishment of Thos. S. Lang, Esq., and the works of the No. Vassalboro' Manufacturing Company, of which Mr. Lang is Agent; the two forming in themselves the great attractions of the place. Spots hasty notes obtained, while there will, we are sure, interest all our readers.

Mr. Lang has been engaged in breeding for several years, and his efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this business, are generally appreciated by our citizens.

So far as the reputation of "Gen. Knox" is concerned, it is only necessary for us to state that his services are this year being secured by the most distinguished breeders throughout our own State, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Upper Canada, some parts of the South, and by the agent for the purchase of horses in this country for the French Government, who, after making an examination of the principal horse-breeding establishments in the country, has decided upon Mr. Lang's and the services of "Gen. Knox." Some of the leading stock in the country is now to be seen at Mr. Lang's stable, among them the mother of the celebrated "Jackson colt," raised in this State and sold at the Horse Fair in this city in 1855, for the sum of \$2,100, a mare by "Brown Dick," from New Orleans, and by the old running horse "Lexington," from New Orleans, and the "Lafayette mare," also from New Orleans. They are placed there to secure the service of "Knox," and the union of the celebrated thoroughbred racing stock of the South, with the fine qualities of "Knox," will be eagerly watched by all interested in improving our breeds of horses.

MR. LANG.—Desirous of noting the progress of events in Northern Maine, we took a trip to this paradise of spontaneity and lumbermen. Starting from the Chapman House in Bethel, whose proprietor, Capt. S. Chapman, has fitted up his house in good shape for the comfort of his visitors, and what he likes better, is well patronized, we crossed the Androscoggin on its primitive bridge—a ferry boat propelled by a rope and the rapid current of the river—when we rode down that stream along some fine intervals of land, and its efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this business, are generally appreciated by our citizens.

So far as the reputation of "Gen. Knox" is concerned, it is only necessary for us to state that his services are this year being secured by the most distinguished breeders throughout our own State, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Upper Canada, some parts of the South, and by the agent for the purchase of horses in this country for the French Government, who, after making an examination of the principal horse-breeding establishments in the country, has decided upon Mr. Lang's and the services of "Gen. Knox." Some of the leading stock in the country is now to be seen at Mr. Lang's stable, among them the mother of the celebrated "Jackson colt," raised in this State and sold at the Horse Fair in this city in 1855, for the sum of \$2,100, a mare by "Brown Dick," from New Orleans, and by the old running horse "Lexington," from New Orleans, and the "Lafayette mare," also from New Orleans. They are placed there to secure the service of "Knox," and the union of the celebrated thoroughbred racing stock of the South, with the fine qualities of "Knox," will be eagerly watched by all interested in improving our breeds of horses.

MR. LANG.—Desirous of noting the progress of events in Northern Maine, we took a trip to this paradise of spontaneity and lumbermen. Starting from the Chapman House in Bethel, whose proprietor, Capt. S. Chapman, has fitted up his house in good shape for the comfort of his visitors, and what he likes better, is well patronized, we crossed the Androscoggin on its primitive bridge—a ferry boat propelled by a rope and the rapid current of the river—when we rode down that stream along some fine intervals of land, and its efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this business, are generally appreciated by our citizens.

So far as the reputation of "Gen. Knox" is concerned, it is only necessary for us to state that his services are this year being secured by the most distinguished breeders throughout our own State, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Upper Canada, some parts of the South, and by the agent for the purchase of horses in this country for the French Government, who, after making an examination of the principal horse-breeding establishments in the country, has decided upon Mr. Lang's and the services of "Gen. Knox." Some of the leading stock in the country is now to be seen at Mr. Lang's stable, among them the mother of the celebrated "Jackson colt," raised in this State and sold at the Horse Fair in this city in 1855, for the sum of \$2,100, a mare by "Brown Dick," from New Orleans, and by the old running horse "Lexington," from New Orleans, and the "Lafayette mare," also from New Orleans. They are placed there to secure the service of "Knox," and the union of the celebrated thoroughbred racing stock of the South, with the fine qualities of "Knox," will be eagerly watched by all interested in improving our breeds of horses.

MR. LANG.—Desirous of noting the progress of events in Northern Maine, we took a trip to this paradise of spontaneity and lumbermen. Starting from the Chapman House in Bethel, whose proprietor, Capt. S. Chapman, has fitted up his house in good shape for the comfort of his visitors, and what he likes better, is well patronized, we crossed the Androscoggin on its primitive bridge—a ferry boat propelled by a rope and the rapid current of the river—when we rode down that stream along some fine intervals of land, and its efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this business, are generally appreciated by our citizens.

So far as the reputation of "Gen. Knox" is concerned, it is only necessary for us to state that his services are this year being secured by the most distinguished breeders throughout our own State, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Upper Canada, some parts of the South, and by the agent for the purchase of horses in this country for the French Government, who, after making an examination of the principal horse-breeding establishments in the country, has decided upon Mr. Lang's and the services of "Gen. Knox." Some of the leading stock in the country is now to be seen at Mr. Lang's stable, among them the mother of the celebrated "Jackson colt," raised in this State and sold at the Horse Fair in this city in 1855, for the sum of \$2,100, a mare by "Brown Dick," from New Orleans, and by the old running horse "Lexington," from New Orleans, and the "Lafayette mare," also from New Orleans. They are placed there to secure the service of "Knox," and the union of the celebrated thoroughbred racing stock of the South, with the fine qualities of "Knox," will be eagerly watched by all interested in improving our breeds of horses.

MR. LANG.—Desirous of noting the progress of events in Northern Maine, we took a trip to this paradise of spontaneity and lumbermen. Starting from the Chapman House in Bethel, whose proprietor, Capt. S. Chapman, has fitted up his house in good shape for the comfort of his visitors, and what he likes better, is well patronized, we crossed the Androscoggin on its primitive bridge—a ferry boat propelled by a rope and the rapid current of the river—when we rode down that stream along some fine intervals of land, and its efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this business, are generally appreciated by our citizens.

So far as the reputation of "Gen. Knox" is concerned, it is only necessary for us to state that his services are this year being secured by the most distinguished breeders throughout our own State, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Upper Canada, some parts of the South, and by the agent for the purchase of horses in this country for the French Government, who, after making an examination of the principal horse-breeding establishments in the country, has decided upon Mr. Lang's and the services of "Gen. Knox." Some of the leading stock in the country is now to be seen at Mr. Lang's stable, among them the mother of the celebrated "Jackson colt," raised in this State and sold at the Horse Fair in this city in 1855, for the sum of \$2,100, a mare by "Brown Dick," from New Orleans, and by the old running horse "Lexington," from New Orleans, and the "Lafayette mare," also from New Orleans. They are placed there to secure the service of "Knox," and the union of the celebrated thoroughbred racing stock of the South, with the fine qualities of "Knox," will be eagerly watched by all interested in improving our breeds of horses.

MR. LANG.—Desirous of noting the progress of events in Northern Maine, we took a trip to this paradise of spontaneity and lumbermen. Starting from the Chapman House in Bethel, whose proprietor, Capt. S. Chapman, has fitted up his house in good shape for the comfort of his visitors, and what he likes better, is well patronized, we crossed the Androscoggin on its primitive bridge—a ferry boat propelled by a rope and the rapid current of the river—when we rode down that stream along some fine intervals of land, and its efforts for the improvement of our stock of horses are already well known and acknowledged by the people of the State. He has, at various periods during the time which his efforts have been directed towards this end, brought into Maine some of the best stock horses ever within the State, among which may be mentioned "Telegraph," (now sold in New York, we believe,) the Hambletonian colt purchased by Mr. Lang when one year old for \$2,000, and now owned by Foster S. Palmer of Portland, and "General Knox," one of the most celebrated stallions in the country, who justly stands as the champion of New England, and of whom his owner will be proud. We are also glad, for the credit of the State, and for the benefit of that class of our citizens interested in the improvement of horses, that Mr. Lang has refused the most tempting offers for "Gen. Knox" (made by parties who are anxious to secure him for other States,) and is determined to keep him at all events. His idea is that the animal is worth as much to the State of Maine as to any other State, and we are sure the public spirit and devotion to the welfare of the State, manifested by Mr. Lang throughout his entire connection with this

# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

## Foreign News.

## Special Notices.

**MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.**  
BY SAVING AND USING YOUR WASTE  
**G R E A S E,**  
Buy one box of  
**Penn's Salt Manufacturing Company's  
S A P O N I F I E R!**

(Patents of 1st and 8th Feb., 1859.)

**Concentrated Lye:**

It will make 10 pounds of excellent Hand Soap, or 25 gallons of the very best Soft Soap, for only about 35 cents. Directions on each box. For sale at all Drug and Grocery Stores.

30¢ per lb.

**SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUCKU**

Cure Kidney Disease.

**SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUCKU**

Cure Rheumatism.

**SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUCKU**

Cure Urinary Disease.

**SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUCKU**

Cure Gout.

**SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUCHU**

Cure Scrofula.

The best Fluid Extract Bucku now before the public, is Sanatorium. For all disease above, and **Plaster and Salves in the Case.** Complete in boxes of cases of any kind, is perfectly inaccurate. For sale by all Apothecaries everywhere. Price \$1. Try it. Take no other.

**W. W. WHIPPLE, Portland, Agent for Maine.**

For sale in Augusta by J. G. W. DODD, 194

**AMERICAN LIFE DROPS.**

For our Procurators procure the life of the Hair changes it from gray to its original color in three weeks; preventing hair from falling out, & giving it a new life. It is sold in boxes of 100, with many more discount and cure all diseases of the head.

**PESTACHEINE**

is, deliciously perfumed, curbs baldness, and will not stain the skin; is a perfect Restorer and Reviving ointment.

Original preparation of Dr. G. GOODWIN & CO., BOSTON BROS. & BIRD, CUTTER & CO., LYNN, MASS., Proprietors.

ORLEN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.

19

**LIFE DROPS.**

For our Procurators procure the life of the Hair changes it from gray to its original color in three weeks; preventing hair from falling out, & giving it a new life. It is sold in boxes of 100, with many more discount and cure all diseases of the head.

**IVORY ORANG.**

It is stated that Austria has received an urgent

letter from the Emperor of Russia, advising the re-

sumption of the Austro-Prussian dispute by

the recognition of the claims of the Duke of Olden-

enburg and the Princes, and restoration of the old

relations between the Cabinets of Vienna and St. Peters-

burg.

It is officially stated that Prussia considers the Aus-

trian declaration relative to the conversion of the Hol-

stein estates as a great provocation to war, a violation

of the treaty of Vienna and an attack on the sovereign

rights of Prussia, who is bound to resist the de-

claration.

Prussian troops are in force on the Austrian and

Austrian frontiers.

**FOUR DAYS LATER.**

Failure of the Peace Conference—War in Europe inevitable.

The steamship City of Paris from Liverpool 6th and

Queensland 7th arrived at New York June 12.

A full column of news from Europe, and the course

of the European powers has been abandoned, owing

to the demands of Austria and Prussia, which were re-

garded by England, France and Russia, tantamount

to refusal.

Propagations have been broken off by the neutral

powers, and it remains for the armed power to negotiate

terms among themselves or commence war. Hopes of peace have almost vanished.

The London *Times* says:

"It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

The Daily *News* says:

"A general war is declared at a declaration of war or a manifesto equivalent to it will proceed from Prussia."

Military preparations are reported from all quarters.

The Agric and Mastermen's Bank has suspended.

Liaison with Prussia.

The directors do not doubt will be in force, and only an ins-

iderable amount of paid up capital is lost.

The London *Times* says:

"Silence in the camp can be heard in the air, and the silence of the army is no one to help him."

It is believed that the first events will occur in the Elbe Duchies, but that the great move of Austria will be to attempt herofe of Silesia.

# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

## Poetry.

### KABOB.

There's a never-dying chorus  
Breaking the hours here,  
In the sun, in the shade,  
Vocal loud, and deep, and clear.  
This is the poet's voice,  
Moving through the hills and city  
Beneath the blue sky.

Soever then the poet's singing  
Is that anthem of the free !  
Under the sun's gay ring  
There's a glory in the rattle  
Of the earth's glad song,  
Richer than ever made from basic  
The tropics of the moon.

See the skiff man raising  
With his oar the water's baffle ;  
Horned the boatman, Maeling  
Stand the noble men of toll.

Who's the world's nation rise ?  
Every down, and up, and middle  
Proudly the world's pride.

Glorious men of truth and labor,  
Shepherds of the human fold,  
That they lay the broad foundations  
With the broad things of old.  
Priests and prophets of creation,  
Blood-red the world's salvation,  
Telling of the world's salvation,  
Messengers of peace and light.

Spurred the plough and spread the harvest ;  
Poured the wine, and made the bread ;  
Beter for the spuds and barrow  
Than the canons or the sword.

Boatmen, sailors, seafarers, campers,  
Wander sign and every movement,  
Bearing much truth and God.

—Utica Weekly Herald.

## Our Story-Teller.

### A HOPELESS CASE.

L.

Doctor Thatcher passed the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son; he scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually, as he sat before the fire, he felt his heart grow heavy. There was his nephew, John Harkness, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hands were crushed, his coat torn.

"By Jove," said the doctor reproachfully, "you tired yourself in your rounds, and then takes too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to think it hard."

"There, that's all," said Harkness, sulking. "I'll be to you, and you, and your son, since never leave me a shilling to try my luck. I'll be kept under a roof, and more so, if I don't have a home. Mind, I've got a wife now, and the door-hinge rattling awoke him. His eyes and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew, John Harkness, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hands were crushed, his coat torn.

"By Jove," said the doctor reproachfully, "you tired yourself in your rounds, and then takes too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to think it hard."

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes? Who's to pay his board? No, by Jove, I'll have it. I'll have it. Of course, he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! Ha! I was bad enough."

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness, three times a son, fell, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunk.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"He's thought to himself; no, I will not believe it. He is a son to some of their farmers, who they show no hospitality to, who make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in, now that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out."

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in High street.

Yes. There was old murder, an hour ago, when Doctor Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and went at the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the doctor; "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his bread, and his clothes?